North. Reproach and deſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſſe. He hath not Money for theſe *Iriſh* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of thē baniſht Duke.
North. His noble kinſman moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoyde the ſtorme.
We ſee the Winde ſit ſore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſſe. We ſee the very Wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
North. Not ſo, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I eſpie life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſſe. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three are but thy ſelfe; and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramſton,
Sir Iohn Norberie, ſir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines
All theſe well furniſhed by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thouſand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northern ſhore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we ſhall ſhake off our Countries ſlauiſh yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeemie from broken pawne the blemiſht Crowne,
Wipe of the duſt that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſt to Rauenſpurgh;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND